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man than Choate. He was the equal of Curran, and not a whit less a lawyer than Erskine. Curran lies under a granite pile, "modelled after the tomb of Scipio. Rufus Choate will sleep in Mount Auburn," the last resting-place of Boston's great and good. Choate was greater than Webster, and in some things more than a match for Pinckney. He had law learning enough for a Lord Chancellor, and a lettered eloquence Hortensius might have admired. Mr. Everett, in Faneuil Hall, said, "there was no one who united to the same extent profound legal learning, with a boundless range of reading . . . and an imagination which rose on a bold and easy wing to the highest heaven of invention." Richard H. Dana was no less celestial in his panegyric. Now it seems to us, simple as we are, that the spirit of Choate ought to rest contented under such an avalanche of glorification, and should forever be deprived of all right to come to this world and disturb the repose of sober-minded people. Mr. Parker, however, is not willing to sign any such treaty. He has heard Brougham, Lord Derby, Peel, the veteran Gladstone, and other English notabilities, but gives it as his solemn opinion that not one of them is equal to Choate. Where shall we go then to find the like of Choate? Mr. Parker evidently would have us make a pilgrimage among the gods, which, considering the extent of this earth, we have no inclination to do at present. It seems to us that all the virtues of Choate's character may be summed up in a very few words. He was a successful lawyer, an undependable politician, timid as a senator, and never rose to the dignity of a statesman. He had great power of language, and was master of the art of swaying the opinions of an unlettered jury. But he was a mystifier, not a clear and concise reasoner. He forced opinions and actions by appealing to the sympathies, rather than the reason. The more desperate the case the more fiercely did he concentrate all his energies, all the fire of his impassioned soul, to gain what at times seemed unworthy ends. He was an herculean worker, but too often wasted his energies in making sympathy gain a mastery over reason. His power of invention was great, and had it been applied to nobler purposes than those of assisting great criminals to escape justice, would have reflected to the good of his country. His oratory was vehement beyond description, and belonged to a style that has passed away in Europe, and will soon die out in this country. Let us honor the great dead discreetly, not at the expense of decency, but with common sense and truth.

VANITY FAIR. F. J. Thompson, Publisher, New York.

Such is the title of what may be called *the American Punch*. Vanity Fair is a weekly periodical in plan like the "London Punch," and, in our opinion, equally good in typographical attributes, artistic ability, and humor. Our community furnishes abundant material for the class of Punch philosophers, and we hope to see their organ firmly established. Among the attractions of the fourth number, we find a *covert* attack upon the naked art question, which makes us regret that we are not in a position to make our indignation felt by stopping subscriptions, instead of advising people to make them. "The Building of the Pemberton Mills," is an architectural essay in the shape of a woodcut, the substance of which is more to the point than any words could convey, and "Substance and Shadow" is one of the choicest things of the kind we know of. Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of "Vanity Fair," and does not return a *quid quo pro*, is fit for "treasons, stratagems, and spoils."

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES OF THE COOPER UNION.—We regret that we can do scarcely more than acknowledge the receipt of this interesting report, which comes to us just as we go to press. Of the ably conducted department of architectural drawing the report says:

The Class in Architectural Drawing, is under the direction of Mr. John F. Miller, assisted by Mr. Henry Palmer and Mr. Clarence Cook. The number of pupils in attendance is 117.

It meets on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The rooms used by this class, as well as the classes in mechanical and freehand drawing, are spacious, and lighted in a manner specially arranged for the purpose. The instruction is given not for show, but with especial reference to the principles of mechanical drawing—mere copying is prohibited, but mechanical models are employed as the means of instruction. For this purpose a complete set of the Darmstadt models have been ordered from Europe, and a considerable portion of them have been received.

LIFE OF MARY STUART, QUEEN OF SCOTS. Sheldon & Company, New York.

Belongs to the "Household Library," a series of entertaining and very useful little books made up of skeleton biographies, and intended to meet the wants of persons content with small quantities and not over nice in the matter of style. If the enterprising publishers would take a word of advice from us, we would suggest that the literary reputation of their firm would lose nothing by employing an editor who can translate French into intelligible English. In the present volume it seems to us the editor has tried hard to see what he could achieve in the way of concealing his meaning under a style so clumsy that we have rarely, if ever, seen anything to compare with it. We are now and then relieved by getting the key to his meaning, and finding it very different from that conveyed by his language. He gives us nothing new concerning the misguided and unfortunate queen, although the field is yet well strewn with gleanings of great value. In truth, we have only the old story badly abridged and sadly disfigured. And yet we ought to be thankful even for this, since the editor condescends to inform us in his preface that "the present is the only work of M. de Lamartine which has appeared solely in an English form, having been expressly translated from the manuscript." It was extremely kind of M. de Lamartine to loan the editor his manuscript, and cruel of the editor to perform such a piece of bad surgery with it.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. HARRY BROWN, of Portland, Maine, kindly permits us to use his name as referee for the CRAYON in that town. Lovers of Art who desire to be informed of the object and character of our periodical, will please apply accordingly.

Our friends in Boston will receive the CRAYON, as heretofore, from Messrs. WILLIAMS & EVERETT, the transfer of our agency as stated in our last number not having been effected. We regret that circumstances beyond our control led to the delay in the delivery of the January number.

CORRECTION.—In the January number, article *Æsthetics*, p. 3, 2d col., line 9 from the bottom, strike out balance of the sentence after the words, "So irony holds itself as," and complete the sentence, so as to read as follows: "So irony holds itself as this on all sides annihilating art—as that *earnest desire* in comparison with the true Ideal which is the aspect of the internal unartistic emptiness."

ERRATA.—Page 8, 1st col., line 16 from the top, for Campagna, read "Compagnia."